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The State's Interest in the Federal Inheritance Tax Plan.

On January 28 the members of the New York Legislature heard the Hon. ELIHU ROOT, the newly elected Senator in Congress, make a speech, all of which was interesting and some of which is especially interesting now:

"The activities of the general Government are continually widening step by step, covering ground formerly occupied by State action.

"We ought to be at liberty to regulate the affairs of our homes in accordance with our own ideas.

"The tendency to vest all powers in the central Government at Washington is likely to produce the decadence of the powers of the States.

"If the powers of the States are to be preserved and their authority to be continued the States must exercise their powers."

These words of Mr. ROOT are worth keeping in mind now that the proposition is made in Congress to lay a Federal tax on direct and collateral inheritances. The State of New York has an inheritance tax productive of a considerable revenue, in fact more than a fourth of the sum which the calculators of the Payne tariff bill attribute to the Federal inheritance tax. Will New York give up the revenue from that source? Whatever the economic soundness or unsoundness of inheritance taxes, if they are to be collected of the citizens of New York they should help pay the expenses of the State of New York. New York is the fattest field for the tax layer. New Yorkers will be the most numerous, tempting and fruitful victims of inheritance taxes. Are they to pay them twice? Or is the State to surrender to the United States these death fines?

The Legislature of Connecticut—though the proceeds of her inheritance tax are scarcely a twentieth of New York's—is waking up to this attempt of the United States upon her preserves. Doubtless other Legislatures will speak up for State rights to this extent. The statesmen at Albany, so fertile in devising new causes and forms of taxation, cannot be expected to bother themselves about a tax and a right so important to the State.

But when this excrescence upon the tariff bill is scrutinized in the Senate will not Mr. ROOT seize upon the opportunity to defend the powers of the States and to reserve to his own State an abundant source of revenue?

Millennium?

If we can believe even the half of what we see in the newspapers, President TAFT has just broached a proposition innocent enough at first glance and positively palpitating with common sense, that may easily lead to the most stupendous consequences. We see it reported apropos of the selection of a first assistant for Mr. MACVEAGH, the new Secretary of the Treasury, that Mr. TAFT proposes to permit his Cabinet officers to choose their own subordinates and colleagues. This on the ground that a person charged with responsibility must enjoy corresponding authority in the matter of his official entourage. In no other way, according to Mr. TAFT, can the Government secure harmony and efficiency in the conduct of the public business.

This seems simple enough, and of course is obviously proper and righteous enough. Undoubtedly it will lead to a more homogeneous and therefore more effective administration; but the imagination runs riot when it comes to the question of extending the principle thus established and applying it to the vast array of collateral and similar cases in the long and formidable list of Government functionaries. That Cabinet officers should be permitted to choose their own assistants and associates is a postulate of almost flagrant propriety, assuming that we propose to ourselves an executive administration at once symmetrical and potent; but, if the idea is valid in respect of those high places, why not also in respect of the hundreds of subordinate places—places involving fiduciary responsibility, subjected to bonded and other obligations, and invested with great cares? Why, for instance, should not an auditor, heavily charged with accountability, have the same freedom and discretion? Why should not bureau and division chiefs handling money and dispensing public property be allowed to nominate the subalterns upon whose fidelity and intelligence their own honor and safety depend? There are a thousand ramifications. Take the department libraries, for example. The head of the department wants a librarian who can find the book of reference he wants at once, who is in sympathy with his habits and his preferences. Even the secretaries and their assistants entitled to Government conveyances prefer coachmen accustomed to their ways and familiar with their various itineraries. A logical projection of the Taft idea comprehends vast areas and includes innumerable satellites. The same argument that affects the Cabinet officers in the selection of their immediate colleagues affects also hundreds of other officials burdened with immediate responsibility, and passes further on to matters that touch the well being and the convenience of the individual.

It is like Mr. TAFT to propose this perfectly sensible and proper thing, but what is to become of that immortal humbug the Civil Service Commission under such a dispensation? Does Mr. TAFT by any chance intend to confront us with the millennium?

The "Peasants' High Schools" of Denmark.

An article in the *Cornhill Magazine* for March calls attention to that original and peculiar Danish means of uplifting a rural population—the *Folkehöjskoler*, or, as it might not too fancifully be called, the hedgerow university. The writer, Miss EDITH SELLERS, passes in England for something of an authority on social and educational questions. She has been visiting Denmark, and the literary acquirements of its peasantry have impressed her. This is the sort of report she brings back:

"The Danish peasants [compared with those of England, Germany, France or any other country known to her] struck me as being not only intelligent but educated, nay, to a certain extent cultured. In out of the way villages I have come across men and women keenly interested in literature; who after a hard day's work would settle themselves down by the fireside with real delight to talk about books, to ask me of the tendencies of latter day English writers and to tell me what their own *littérateurs* were doing. In one house where I stayed the maid who waited on me was quite an authority on SHAKESPEARE; she could quote—in Danish of course—long passages from him. In another the coachman told me that his most cherished possession was a translation of MILTON. I have met with Danish peasant farmers who knew infinitely more about English history than any English farmer I have ever yet met. . . . They have well defined opinions on every political subject under the sun, and would go without breakfast any morning rather than without their daily paper, and even though they were shoeless they would trudge miles through the snow to hear a good lecture."

This report agrees with the fact that the Danes led the nations for some time in popular education and with the assertion of BJÖRNSON, confirmed by others less well known, that Denmark has "the most enlightened peasantry in the world." But Miss SELLERS goes on to add: "This enlightenment they owe in great measure to their 'peasants' high schools'; this is a point on which there can be no doubt whatever." Of that we are not quite sure. If her estimate of the practical value of this institution is correct, any nation requiring or desiring to uplift its country folk can surely have no alternative but to import the "hedgerow university" from Denmark. We rather suspect, however, that Miss SELLERS somewhat confuses cause and effect in this case.

Of the "peasants' high schools" Miss SELLERS visited that at Testrup, which is managed by the well known Dr. NORREGAARD. The Askov school, the oldest of all, is considered the "show" member of the group, but doubtless that at Testrup is a fair average specimen. Her description of it adds little to the information on the subject already available in English, but it is interesting as showing that the same educational pattern as was described twelve or fifteen years ago by Dr. SCHROEDER, by Mr. POULSEN, by a British school inspector in a report to his Government and by others is still closely followed out. Here is her account of a day's routine at Testrup:

"Three-quarters of the students were either peasant farmers or agricultural laborers, dressed as when following the plough. Half a dozen perhaps were land owners, half a dozen more market gardeners. There were a few pedlers and fishermen, two sailors, a pastor's son and a village schoolmaster. The majority were between 20 and 30 years of age, but a fair number were over 40, and one over 60. The first lecture was at 8 A. M. and study ended at 6 P. M. The favorite subjects were history and literature, but law, geology, physics, astronomy, hygiene, geography, arithmetic also received attention. After 6 P. M. there was an hour's gymnastics, and in the evening a professor read poetry to the students, or else there was music for an hour. Then smoking and conversation, the teachers mingling with the pupils. At 10 P. M., bed."

This course goes on for five months—from November 1 to March 31. There are over seventy such institutions in the country, all confined to adults and mainly attended by the poor of the agricultural classes. They are not merely evening schools but boarding establishments, taking up the pupil's whole time throughout the five months term, and with half a dozen exceptions they are not "technical" schools but devoted to a "liberal" education; they are not charities, nor are they controlled by the State, though the State makes certain grants to them. Miss SELLERS mentions $50 as the cost of a term's board and tuition. At some schools, we believe, it is over $65. She says that the State contributes where necessary $10, but this is an understatement. It gives as much as $30 to needy students, and further pays the principals a capitation fee of $10, as well as some other subsidies. It does not, however, dictate the curriculum, nor does it make its payments dependent upon a State inspection, but leaves the local managers to follow their own ideals, so that the schools remain essentially private institutions.

The *Folkehöjskoler* have been called "the best poor man's university the world has yet seen," and they are of course astonishing from any point of view; but perhaps the most surprising thing about them is the readiness of the Danish agricultural laborer to attend them, which means saving at least $30 out of an average annual wage of $150, and stopping all other work for half a year. When Miss SELLERS attributes so much of the intellectual virtue of the Danish hind to these schools she perhaps forgets that if the hind was not already an unusual being or living in unusual conditions he would not make the sacrifice necessary. She cites the prodigious quickness with which agricultural Denmark adapted itself to new conditions in the '70s as proof of the influence of these schools. When, chiefly owing to our importations, wheat or corn growing ceased to be a profitable staple Denmark did in fact substitute for it, much faster than England or any other European country did, dairy farming, cattle raising and market gardening on scientific and cooperative principles, and so not only avoided any interruption of its prosperity but notably increased it.

But it is to be remarked that Denmark's need of adapting itself to the new conditions was much greater than that of any other European country; agriculture was and is its principal and practically its sole standby, while in England, for instance, the manufacturing city was the first consideration, and agriculture was cheerfully sacrificed to that. Further, though these "Peasants' High Schools" were started by Bishop GRUNDTWIG as far back as 1844, the war of 1848 and that of 1863 so retarded their development that they did not begin to attain to any considerable influence till after 1866—too short a time before the agricultural crisis arose and was successfully solved to let us attribute much influence in the matter to this particular factor. The British school inspector in his report to his Government seems to come nearer the truth when he remarks that these schools could not have succeeded unless they had been managed so economically—each student, for instance, bringing his own bedding—and also unless the rural Danes were almost entirely peasant proprietors. Of 224,000 farms of 110 to seven acres 94 per cent. were worked by individual owners in 1890. This observer asserted: "It is the self-reliant independence of the Danes, owing to this fact, rather than the excellence of the schools or the ease of their lives, which are often harder than those of English laborers, which makes them so eager for knowledge."

Another consideration which Miss SELLERS seems to overlook is the long standing excellence, comparatively speaking, of primary education in Denmark. Attendance in the public schools was already made compulsory in 1814, and when necessary gratuitous. This was half a century in advance of other European countries. In 1860 the period of annual compulsory education was fixed at "240 days of six hours each between the ages of seven and fourteen." Normal schools for preparing teachers existed in Denmark as far back as 1790. Manual training and "continuation schools" are other improvements which it was the first to introduce. Miss SELLERS seems to lack historical perspective in her estimate. If the Dane were not already so well primed in childhood the "post graduate" adult schools would probably make little appeal to him.

Miss SELLERS says that one-quarter of the agricultural population now passes through them. If so there has been a very rapid increase of attendance in the last few years; but granting the figure and allowing for the leavening influence of this quarter upon the rest, we cannot overlook the fact that very few peasants indeed take more than one term at the schools. Without other cooperating factors a five months experience of the liberal arts could hardly yield any great results.

The point is important, because the obvious intention of Miss SELLERS's description is to suggest the advisability of copying the *Folkehöjskoler* in other countries on the ground that they are infinitely beneficial. We believe they are fruits of peculiar conditions, and not so much the causes as the signs of benefits. Miss SELLERS remarks that this "liberal" education has not tempted the rural Dane to city life. No, because there is, comparatively speaking, no city or industrial life there. Denmark is an active, prosperous, homogeneous agricultural community, with very little domestic competition and with stated periods of leisure, of limited area also, and with a population that for the most part cannot be called scattered. These conditions joined to an excellent primary education and peasant proprietorship naturally encourage fireside education and easily explain the picnicking once in a lifetime at the Chautauquas of the *Folkehöjskoler*. But if life were as competitive and many sided and full of various opportunities there as it is in this country or even in England, what chance would this quaint, Forest of Arden institution have of surviving? You might just about as well expect Pittsburg to produce an Oberammergau passion play.

Cuba's Finances.

The Cuban Treasurer submits an interesting statement of the business of the new Government during the first month of its existence:

FEBRUARY, 1909.

Receipts	$2,575,600.90
Expenditures	2,353,404.02
Surplus	$225,196.88

This may be compared with the figures of a year ago:

FEBRUARY, 1908.

Receipts	$2,446,138.78
Expenditures	2,953,045.64
Deficit	$506,906.86

In other words, receipts show an increase for the month of $132,462.12, and expenditures show a decrease of $599,641.62.

"Muckrakers'" tales of neglected sanitation and "knockers'" stories of inefficient administration in other departments may now be expected at any time.

The Tarasque Killer's Poet.

If Elder JOHNSON PINDAR CALDWELL of the Charlotte *Daily Observer* will look in any respectable atlas or the map of poetical distribution and isopoetical lines that hangs in his lyre room, he will find that Pawtucket is not in Massachusetts. So dazed is he by the sudden triumphant levitation of the Sweet Singer of Pawtucket above all the Tar Heel choir. "These particular laurels," cries the Elder dolefully, "go to Massachusetts." These particular laurels are green upon the brow of the Sweet Singer of Pawtucket, the as yet uncrowned but undisputed laureate of the wild huntsman of Oyster Bay. If hitherto we have ever neglected to bow at the supreme shrine of song, we now make full apology and do amplest reverence. For this theodorian, this godgiven maker, is equal to and worthy of his theme:

"Into the jungle, fierce and dank
Goes our President of highest rank;
A sturdy lad will also go
To take the snaps and push the button
Far away from protection of our fleet,
And no dainties there—only canned meat.
All hearts will make a earnest wish
That a good time will not be missed."

Talk about "live battle odes, whose lines are steel and fire." You hear the camera click. You smell the dank and rank. The mouth of Leo tarasconensis, the loudest, hungriest and deadliest, snaps at the opened can. His eyes set the jungle afire. His tongue is coated. His tail beats black and blue the white rhinoceros cowering at his side. But we return to Pawtucket:

"Some, who do not like him scoff
At this trip, and say, 'Oh, come off';
But it is no laughing matter to be
In the jungle wilds of that country.
How many editors who sneer and purr
Would be brave enough to go to Africa?
I wonder what they would do
If face to face with a angry gnu?"

Beautiful is the betrothal of "purr" and "Africa" (Africurr), but do editors, does even Dr. MABIE, "purr"? There are purrers not friendly but horrendous, purrers that remind the fear frozen hearers of that little masterpiece of Elder CALDWELL'S:

"The tiger cat is standing pat. Scat!"

Yet why scratch refined gold? Into the jungle stalks—the hieratic word, we believe—the hunter. Electric sparks and St. Elmo's fires play on the short curls of his native porters, beaters and shooers. Bang goes the rifle and the Pawtucket poet:

"On ROOSEVELT all can well depend
That the bullets he will swiftly send
To animals that come his way
And show them he's from the U. S. A.
Should a lion oppose his walk,
He will give him a line of talk
That the lion will, like HARRIMAN, feel
And say he is made of brawn and veal."

The Tarasconian Lion, scientifically a Dragon or Tarasque, it will be remembered, is amphibious and it takes sixteen heroes—of whom he invariably eats eight—to "put him out" at Beaucaire or Tarascon; but a line of talk will make him hang himself, and serve him right. Well, consider Africa cleared, the Smithsonian Institution quadrupled in size to make room for the additions, and the money monarchs trembling in their capitals as the Tarasque Killer, accompanied by his bard, comes rushing and gushing home:

"And so here is a earnest hope
That no danger comes into his scope,
And that he gets home fresh and green
Back to the White House in 1913.
Then railroads and Wall Street and the rest
Will once more break like glass off his breast.
And after his season of refreshment
His trip to Africa will prove a good investment."

Two lovely berries moulded on one stem; two mighty winds that blend in this great gale of song! Only we hope the Tarasque Killer won't take his gleeman into Uganda and way stations. Even that old dragon of a Tarasque would reform if he got a chance to hear and follow our Pawtucket Orpheus. And the "angels" of the Smithsonian-Tarasconian expedition are bound to have a Tarasque.

The verdict of guilty in the case of Colonel DUNCAN B. COOPER and his son, ROBIN J. COOPER, indicted for the murder of ex-Senator EDWARD W. CARMACK, was scarcely expected. The long delay in filling the jury box, the fact that some of the jurors were illiterate men, the conflict of testimony about the shooting, the muddle of expert opinion, the elaborate appeals of counsel to prejudice and sentiment, the injection of politics into the case, and above all the wearisome length of the proceedings, pointed to a disagreement.

It seems to have been a fair and impartial trial, marked by the freest publicity and uncommon latitude to both sides. The sitting Judge put hardly any impediment to the production of evidence and allowed the many lawyers engaged all the time they wanted. His charge was of great length and acknowledged to have been impartial. By everybody concerned the last word was said. The jury was out seventy hours, and its verdict expressed the most arduous and painful deliberation. It is in accord, we have no doubt, with independent opinion in the vicinage.

The Hon. JOHN RAINES is reported as remarking on the direct nominations bill:

"It is without root or sense."

We understood the friends of the Governor to say that ROOT was exactly what it did have.

Assemblyman ARTEMAS WARD, Jr., who is HERBERT PARSONS'S mouthpiece in the lower house.—*Albany despatch.*

Why not the Hon. HERBERT'S tea caddy?

Rotten, rotten, rotten! I say it is rotten, rotten, rotten.—*The Hon.* JOHN RAINES.

Sounds suspiciously like a college yell.

In Praise of Coffee.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Having drunk coffee for threescore years and ten in all parts of the world, I have read the letters which have appeared in THE SUN on the subject with more than ordinary interest. I believe there is an unwarranted prejudice against coffee among medical men, just as there is a deep seated prejudice against the appendix vermiformis, which Dr. Keetly now tells us is most useful in staving off the degeneracy of old age.

I have passed through five of the most terrible cholera epidemics on record, and in visiting the hospitals I always found coffee my sheet anchor. It is a powerful disinfectant, besides being a most stimulating beverage. In the marching of troops it was always found well to march them on coffee, and then give the ration of rum at the end of the journey or just before action. The Italian laborer uses it in this way. He takes coffee at midday and red wine in the evening.

When in Egypt I drank their horrid black coffee and felt sociable, although it is remarkable that they do not make good coffee in either Arabia or Egypt. In England they make good tea and bad coffee. In America we make bad tea and good coffee. I remember soon after I arrived in this country discussing "coffee" with the late Mr. Delmonico, and he agreed with me that the standard of a first class restaurant could be gauged by its coffee. Of course it must be the fresh roasted berry with hot milk and rich cream, and then you get that aroma of which the gods never dreamed. As to the nerves, I know any number of old coffee drinkers who like myself have a steady hand and nerve although they have passed the seventieth milestone. AN EX-CHAPLAIN.

NEW YORK March 20.

To Wipe Out the Deficit.

Knicker—So Jones has a great revenue making scheme!

Bocker—Yes, tax every aspirant for office.

The Shorter Catechism.

"What is your idea of perfect Christian resignation?"

"The deaf husband of a suffragette."

IGNACIO ZULOAGA.

At the Hispanic Museum.

We are no longer with Sorolla and his vibrating sunshine on Valencian sands, or under the hard blue dome of San Sebastian; the two score canvases now on view at the Hispanic Museum were painted by a man of profounder intellect, of equally sensual but more restrained temperament than Sorolla; above all, by an artist with different ideals—a realist, not an impressionist, Ignacio Zuloaga. Again New York art lovers are under a debt of gratitude to Mr. Archer M. Huntington and the Hispanic Society of America. It is entirely due to Mr. Huntington's initiative that we have the opportunity of studying such an unusual assemblage of the great young Spaniard's canvases. It would not be the entire truth to say that his masterpieces are here; several notable pictures unhappily are not; but the exhibition, which endures to April 11, is finely representative. Zuloaga shows us the height and depth of his powers in at least one picture, and the longer you know him the more secrets he yields up.

In Paris they say of Sorolla that he paints too fast and too much; of Zuloaga that he is too lazy to paint. Half truths, these. The younger man is more deliberate in his methods. He composes more elaborately, executes at a slower gait. He resents the imputation of realism. The fire and fury of Sorolla are not his, but he selects, weighs, analyzes, reconstructs—in a word, he composes and does not improvise. He is nevertheless a realist—a verist, as he prefers to be called. He is not cosmopolitan, and Sorolla is. The types of boys and girls racing along the beaches of watering places which Sorolla paints are cosmopolitan. The passionate vivacity and the blinding sunshine are not qualities that appeal to Zuloaga. He portrays darkest—let us rather say greenest, brownest Spain. The Basque in him is the strongest strain. He is artistically a lineal descendant of El Greco, Velasquez, Goya; and the map of his memory has been traversed by Manet. He is more racial, more truly Spanish, than any painter since Goya. He possesses the genius of place.

Some months ago in speaking of Mr. Christian Brinton's eloquent study of Zuloaga in his "Modern Painters," the leading ideas of which he has utilized for the introduction to the catalogue of this exhibition, we dwelt upon the race which shines from Zuloaga's work—Spanish painting *à la mode*. Mr. Cortissoz has pointed out the injustice of uncritically abusing the best of Mariano Fortuny's work—Fortuny was not all bric-à-brac; and Spanish travel *à la* Cook and Baedeker and pseudo-Spanish literature of the Mérimée Carmen sort have created false images of Spain and the Spaniards. Mr. Havelock Ellis's book "The Soul of Spain" is an excellent corrective for the operatic Spain, and George Borrow is equally sound despite his British bigotry, and Gautier is invaluable. Arsène Alexandre in writing of Zuloaga acutely remarks of the Spanish conspiracy in allowing the chance tourist only to scratch the soil "of this country too well known but not enough explored." Therefore when face to face with the pictures of Zuloaga, with romantic notions of a Spain where castles grow in the clouds and moonshine on every bush, prepare to be shocked, to be disappointed. He will show you the real Spain—the sun soaked soil, the lean sharp outlines of hills, the arid meadows, and the swift dark green rivers. He has painted cavaliers and dames of fashion, but his heart is in the common people. He knows the bourgeois and he knows the gypsy. He has set forth the pride of the vagabond and the garish fascinations of the gitana. Since Goya, you say, and then wonder whether it might not be wiser to add: Goya never had so complicated a psychology. A better craftsman than Goya, a more varied colorist, a more patient student of Velasquez, of life, though without Goya's invention, caprice, Satanism and immortal *fougue*.

We have already rehearsed in these columns the main incidents in the troubled romantic career of Zuloaga. He was not born poor, but with genius; and genius always spells discontent. He would not become an engineer and he would paint. His family, artists and artisans, did not favor his bent. He visited Italy, almost starved in Paris, and after he knew how to handle his tools he starved for recognition. It is only ten years since he exhibited the portrait of his uncle, Daniel Zuloaga, and his cousins. It now hangs in the Luxembourg; but Madrid would have none of him; a Spanish jury rejected him at Paris in 1900, and not possessing the means of Edouard Manet he could not hire a gallery and show the world the stuff that was in him. He did not sulk; he painted. Barcelona took him up; Paris, the world followed suit. Today he is rich, famous, and under forty. He was born at Eibar, 1870, in the Basque province of Viscaya. He is a collector of rare taste and has housed his treasures in a gallery at his birthplace. He paints chiefly at Segovia, in an old church, though he wanders over Spain, sometimes afoot, sometimes in his motor car, often accompanied by Rodin in the latter, and wherever he finds himself he is at home and paints. A bullfighter in the ring, as was Goya—perhaps the legend stirred him to imitation—he is a healthy athlete. His vitality indeed is enormous, though it does not manifest itself in so dazzling a style as Sorolla's. The demerits of literary comparisons are obvious, yet we dare to think of Sorolla and Zuloaga as we should of Théophile Gautier and Charles Baudelaire. In one is the clear day flame of impersonality; the other is all personality, given to nocturnal moods, to diabolism and perversities, cruelties and fierce voluptuousness. Sorolla is pagan; Gothic is Zuloaga, a Goth of modern Spain. He has more variety than Sorolla, more intellect. The Baudelairian strain grows in his work; it is unmistakable. Mr. Brinton regrets it. We saw a photograph of "Lassitude," one of the later studies. It is not outrageous, though it would not appeal to a public that refuses to separate art from an evil stream of tendency. The crowds that went to see the "healthy" art of Sorolla (as if art had anything in common with pulse, temperature and respiration) will not like, or indeed understand, many of Zuloaga's magnificent pictorial ideas.

He paints in large *coups*. His broad, slashing planes are not impressionistic. He swims in the traditional Spanish current with joy. Green with him is almost an obsession—a national symbol certainly. His greens, browns, blacks, scarlets are rich, sonorous and magnetic. He is a colorist. He also is master of a restrained palette and can sound the silver grays of Velasquez. His tonalities are massive. The essential bigness of his conceptions, his structural forms, are the properties of an eye swift, subtle and all embracing. It sees an image that is at once solidly rooted in mother earth and is as fluctuating as life. No painter today has a greater sense of character, except Degas. The Frenchman is the superior draughtsman, but he is no more vital in his interpretation of his ballet girls, washerwomen and grisettes than is Zuloaga in his delineations of peasants, dwarfs, dogs, courtesans, scamps, zealots, pilgrims, beggars, drunkards and working girls. What verve, what grip, what bowels of humanity has this Spaniard! A man, not a professor of academic methods. He has no school, and he is a school in himself. That the more serene, poetic aspects and readings of life have escaped him is merely to say that he is not constituted a contemplative philosopher. The sinister skein to be seen in some of his canvases does not argue for the existence of a spiritual beast, but is the recognition of evil in life. It is not very pleasant, nor is it reassuring, but it is part of the artist, rooted deep in his Spanish soul along with the harsh irony and a cruel spirit of mockery. He refuses to follow the ideals of other men, and he paints a spade a spade; at least the orchestration if brutal is not lascivious. A cold, impartial eye observes and registers the corruption of cities small and great and the infinitely worse immoralities of the open country. Sometimes Zuloaga's comments are witty, sometimes pessimistic. If he has studied Goya and Manet, he also knows Félicien Rops.

The only picture in the present exhibition that grazes the borderland of the unconventional is "Le Vieux Marcheur." It is as moral as Hogarth and as bitter as Rops. It recalls the Montmartre days of the artist when he was acquainted with Paul Gauguin and Toulouse-Lautrec. Two ladies are crossing a bridge. Their actuality is impressed upon the retina in a marvellously definite way. They live, they move. One is gowned in dotted green, the other in black. There is a little landscape with water beyond the iron railing. A venerable minotaur is in pursuit. He wears evening clothes, an overcoat is thrown across his left arm, under his right he carries waggishly a cane. His white tie and hat of sober silk are in respectable contrast with his air of fatuousness—the Marquis of Steyne en route; the doddering hero of Mansfield in "Parisian Romance," or Baron Hulot. The alert expression of the girls, who appear to be loitering, tells us more at a glance than a chapter of Flaubert, Zola or De Maupassant. Is it necessary to add that the handling takes your breath away because of its consummate ease and its realization of the effects sought? Note the white of the old party's spats, echoed by the bit of stocking showing a low shoe worn by one of the girls; note the values of the blacks in the hat, coat, trousers, shoe tips of the man. The very unpleasantness of the theme is forgotten in the supreme art of its presentation.

M. Alexandre, the French critic, may argue valiantly that Zuloaga must not be compared with Goya, that their methods and themes are dissimilar. True, but those witches ["Les Sorcières de San Millan"] are in the key of Goya, not manner but subject matter—a hideous crew. At once you think of the *caprichos* of Goya. The hag with the distaff, whose head is painted with a fidelity worthy of Holbein; the monkey profile of the witch crouching near the lantern, that repulsive creature in spectacles—Goya spectacles; rather, the pattern hasn't varied since his days—these ladies and their companions, especially that anonymous one in a hood, coupled with the desperate dreariness of the background, a country dry and hard as a volcanic cinder, make up a formidable ensemble. Zuloaga relates that the beldames screeched and fought in his studio when he posed them. You exclaim while looking at them: "How now, you secret black and midnight hags!" Hell hovers hard by; each witch of the unholy trio has the evil eye.

As a painter of dwarfs Zuloaga has not been surpassed by any one but Velasquez. His "Gregorio," the monster with the huge head, the sickening, livid, globular eye, the comical pose—what a brush! The picture palpitates with reality, an ugly reality, for the tall old couple are not prepossessing. The topography at the back is minutely observed; but this painter does not wreak himself in ugliness or morbidities. He is singularly happy in catching the attitudes and gestures of the peasants as they return from the vintage; of picadors, matadors, toreadors, in the ring or lounging, smoking, awaiting the signal. The large and celebrated family group of the Matador Galito—which is to remain permanently in the Hispanic Society's museum—is a superb exemplar of the synthetic and rhythmic art of the Spaniard. Each character is seized and rendered. The strong silhouettes melt into a harmonious arabesque; the tonal gamut is nervous, strong, fiery; the dull gold background is a foil for the scale of color notes. It is a striking picture. Very striking too is the portrait of Breval as *Carmen*, though it is the least Spanish picture in the collection (except those coldly unsympathetic portraits of members of a New York family; Zuloaga does not seem at ease when off his native heath). Breval, whose voice when last heard here was more acid than any of the color harmonies of Zuloaga, is pictured on the stage, the lights from below playing over her pretty features (as a matter of fact she was never so pretty as we see her here; her beauty is more statuesque). The problem is solved, as Besnard or Degas has solved it, successfully, but in a purely personal manner. It is the picture in the gallery that is bound to attract attention, as it is a technical triumph; but it is not very characteristic.

The rank savor of some of his themes is not in this show. But we see dark eyed grateful manolas on balconies—this truly Spanish motive in art, as Spanish as is the Madonna Italian—over which are thrown gorgeous shawls, smiling, flirting; with languorous eyes and provocative fans, they sit ensconced as they sat in Goya's time and centuries before Goya. The Eternal Feminine of Spain. Zuloaga is her latest interpreter. Isn't Candida delicious in green, with black headdress of lace—isn't she bewitching? Her stockings are green. The wall is a most miraculous adumbration of green. Across the room is another agent of disquiet in nile green, Mercedes by name. Her squiline nose, black eyes and the flowers she wears at the side of her head bewilder; the sky, clouds and landscape are all very lovely. This is a singularly limpid, loose, flowing picture. It has the paint quality sometimes missing in the bold, fat massing of the Zuloaga color chords. The Montmartre Café concert singer is a sterling specimen of Zuloaga's portraiture. He is unconventional in his poses; he will jam a figure against the right side of the frame (as in the portrait of Marthe Morineau) or stand a young lady beside an ornamental iron gate in an open park (not a remarkable portrait, but one that pleases the ladies because of the textures). The head of the old actor capitally suggests the Spanish mummer. And the painter's cousin, Esperanza. What cousins he boasts. We recall "The Three Cousins," with its laughing trio and the rich color scheme, not here. Our recollection too of "The Piquant Retort," and its brown and scarlet harmonies; of the "Promenade After the Bullfight," which has the classical balance and spaced charm of Velasquez; and that startling "Street of Love" overbalances any picture except one in this exhibition, and that is "The Bullfighter's Family." One last detail: When you visit the smaller gallery don't miss the crinkled glove worn by the woman sitting on a balcony. Enjoy its delicate tonality. Zuloaga is a wizard.

THE SOURCE OF RELIGIOUS DISTURBANCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* We are in face probably of the most momentous crisis in opinion that there has been since the birth of Christianity. To charge any particular party with bringing it about would surely be absurd. Everywhere there is a conflict between the old and the new. Through a single English journal thousands had raised their cry for new assurance of religious truth. My last letter to you was occasioned by a rupture between the old and the new in the Methodist Church with which I had absolutely nothing to do. Set the clergy free from tests, and let them use their learning and their spiritual experience to help us to the truth. Those who advocate this surely are not setting the world on fire. It would be the proclamation of allegiance to truth.

Already when those of my generation were in their cradles materialism had commenced its inroad on tradition and was triumphing, partly through the disadvantage at which the spiritual was placed by antiquated bibliolatry and dogmatic creeds. Now, books on my table indicate that on so great a question, for example, as that of a future life physical science is showing a tendency to become less materialist and more spiritualist than of late it has been. GOLDWIN SMITH.

"AS CHRIST WOULD DO IT."

A Letter From the Founder of the Christian Business Association.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* A copy of THE SUN of February 14 has just reached me here containing an article with the heading, "As Christ Would Do It." It rather makes us feel ashamed of ourselves, so far are we of the Christian Business Association from following the Master's steps as we should. Though, had I seen the article before publication, it would have been very drastically "censored." I am bound to say your interviewer has more correctly and fully than most represented the true inwardness and significance of this "London experiment, led by an exclergyman."

There are, however, several inaccuracies in this article, and as we are special sticklers for the exact truth we would much like the opportunity to correct some of these misapprehensions. Would you be good enough to mention that the new magazine, *This Way*, with the authoritative account of all our work and testimony, is now ready, and I should be pleased to send a copy gratis to any of your readers who apply for it; and will you permit me to express my deep regret that the word "sneer" has been imported into this account of our work? "He [Mr. Clarke] sneers at the 'performance' of divine service at set hours and in set places."

Would Christ sneer at anything? Never! Neither surely would true Christians sneer, especially at those earnest and doubtless estimable souls who, in ignorance maybe, are perpetrating a terrible travesty of what divine worship and service as instituted anew by Him are.

A sneer is a horrible thing in any one, but in a Christian—well, it is unthinkable and impossible. No, sir, we do not sneer; we seek "to persuade men," in the old words and way and truth, to turn from the pollution of lifeless formalities to serve a living and true God. A. E. CLARKE.

The C. B. A.: Chief Office, 262 High Street, North, East Ham, London, March 1.

The Message of Messina's Doom.

From This Way, No. 1.

To those who turn to the Oracles of God, and to them alone, for all solutions of all problems that perplex men, this message of Messina's doom is a message of judgment and mercy, and not that Messina's men and women were "sinners above the rest," but that herein also is another incontrovertible proof of the fact that the end of the age draws near, with the signs and the warnings that have been so plainly foretold, not one word of which shall pass away, till all be fulfilled.

"There shall be," says Christ Jesus, "earthquakes and famines in divers places," as marking the approaching end (Matthew, xxiv.), but "these are the beginning of sorrows."

They will culminate in that fearful final earthquake which shall shatter not only one city or two, but the whole of the cities of the world, great and small, in that final overwhelming stroke of judgment, long in mercy delayed, which shall accompany the return of the avenging Christ of God.

That there is nothing more certain than this can be made plain to those who search the Scriptures and note the extraordinary repetitions of the one word "shake" in connection with this final "shaking of the whole earth."

At present, however, beyond the leading articles in the *Daily Telegraph*, there seems to have been, so far as we have heard or seen, no disposition in the hearts of the kings, and the judges, and the leaders of the earth, "to be wise, and to be instructed, to kiss the Son, lest He be angry (with His final anger) and they perish in the way."

The Academy and the Arsenal.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In several articles in THE SUN I have seen various Academicians of established reputation quoted by name in hearty support of the plan for an exhibition building on the site of the old Arsenal in the Park. They have each and all advanced arguments in favor of the plan to give to the city this proposed handsome building in return for the privilege of occupying the upper portion of it for art exhibition purposes only—(not for any of the schools of the Academy).

Elsewhere I have seen sundry and reiterated mystic references to "many Academicians" who do not uphold the project; but only one solitary member of the Academy has so far been named in this multitudinous category—and he dwells in the sweet rurality of Queens. Why are the other objectors anonymous, do you suppose?

NEW YORK, March 20. D. H. C.

Trouble Between Mr. Song and Ur Dam.

From the Korea Daily News.

Mr. Song's biography is obscure, and, to translate a Corean description of him, "He has no ancestors to worship." He is a fluent speaker of the Japanese language and is possessed of a wit of his own. Apropos of this there comes a story from Masampo which throws some light on the bad blood which exists between himself and Colonel Ur Dam. On the first of the recent imperial tours when Masampo was reached the Resident-General chose Mr. Song as his interpreter, and therefore the speech of the Resident-General as interpreted by Mr. Song to his Majesty the Emperor and the audience assembled redounded greatly to the credit of Song. Here it was that Colonel Ur Dam got into trouble. Somebody told the Emperor that Mr. Song in translating (or mistranslating) had covered himself with glory. Hence the ill feeling. Song knew it must have been Ur Dam, as they were the only two in the entourage who had sufficient knowledge of the Japanese language.

Henrico-Jacobean.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I hope I am expressing the views of a great many Americans scattered all over our country when I say I wish to thank THE SUN for the very delightful review of Mr. Henry James's play, "Disengaged." We should of all people be glad to acclaim any effort to bring to the attention of his country men if we are his countrymen—the work of the master. He has achieved—of course much more in books than on the stage—the seemingly impossible task of making a new literature. We who ourselves are new and very fond of insisting on it certainly ought to be for the new thing. It is therefore entirely to the credit of the actors that they produced the play, and that THE SUN should write of them in the exact right way brings hope to the Jacobites. T. A. CHRICHTON.

PITTSBURG, Pa., March 18.